



Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

Thursday, December 6, 1990 at 8 pm

Sonata for 2 Pianos and Percussion (1937)

Béla Bartók
(1881-1945)

II. Lento ma non troppo

III. Allegro non troppo

*Roger Admiral and *Corey Hamm, pianos
Trevor Brandenburg and Rajat Nigam, percussion

Music from The Threepenny Opera

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

(Dreigroschenoper, 1928)

Tango

Polly's Song

Ballad of the Good Life

Choral

*Shannon Bolichowski, soprano saxophone
*Jennifer Beare, alto saxophone
Dana Parkson, tenor saxophone
*Jennifer Jewell, baritone saxophone

Quartet for Saxophones (1984)

Seymour Barab
(b. 1921)

II. Andante maestoso

III. Presto

Michael Spindloe, soprano saxophone
*Dan Baker, alto saxophone
Charles Stolte, tenor saxophone
Tania Prior, baritone saxophone

"En Forêt" for Horn and Piano, Op. 40

Eugène Bozza
(b. 1905)

(Written for Monsieur M.J. Deveny,
Professor au Conservatoire National de Paris)

"Reverie" for Horn and Piano, Op. 24

Alexander Glazunov
(1865-1936)

Craig Scott, horn
Scott Godin, piano

Trois Mélodies (1916)

Eric Satie
(1866-1925)

La statue de bronze (Fargue)

Daphénéo (M God)

Le Chapelier (Chalupt)

Lachen und Weinen (Rückert) Op. 59, No. 4

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Nacht und Träume (Collin) Op. 43, No. 2

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe) Op. 2

Mariann Cunningham, soprano
Nadia Wichrowska, piano

Vergebliches Ständchen (Folklore) Op. 84, No. 4

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

An die Nachtigall (Hölty) Op. 46, No. 4

Botschaft (Daumer) Op. 47, No. 1

Die Mainacht (Hölty) Op. 43, No. 2

Meine Liebe ist grün (F. Schumann) Op. 63, No. 5

Marilyn Golletz, soprano
Patricia Briskie, piano

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Mandoline (Verlaine)
From Ariettes oubliées

Romance (Bourget)
Green (Verlaine)
C'est l'extase (Verlaine)
Chevaux de Bois (Verlaine)

Elizabeth Sommer, mezzo-soprano
Patricia Briskie, piano

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Sonata in E-flat Major for Violin and Piano,
Op. 18 (1887)
II. Improvisation
III. Finale

Norman Nelson (Faculty), violin
Patricia Edwards, piano

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Piano Quartetto I in G Minor, K. 478 (1784)
I. Allegro

Jennifer Bustin, violin
Marnie Ozipko, viola
Liza Wagner, cello
Helen Hong, piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Trio in E-flat Major, K. 498 (1786)
III. Allegretto

Mien Jou, clarinet
Glenn Archibald, viola
Pamela Grobben, piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Sonate (1918)
I. Tranquille
III. Emporté
IV. Douloureux

Sharie Rathwell, oboe
Karen Noel-Bentley, clarinet
Karen Theuser, flute
Barbara Ritz, piano

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

String Quartet in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1 (1838)
I. Molto allegro vivace

Anne McDougall, violin
Heather Neufeld-Bergen, violin
Glenn Archibald, viola
Karen McClellan, cello

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

*denotes guest artist

TRANSLATIONS

Trois Mélodies

La statue de bronze/The Bronze Statue

The frog from the game
Peeped at night under the arbor
He has had enough of being a statue
Who is going to state an important word,
The word.
He would like better to be with others
Who make bubbles of music
With the soap of the moon.
By the bronze colored wash house
Seen gleaming through the branches
In the heart of the day a fountain
goes through the frog which brings him
no benefit,
And goes to ring in the "cabinets"
of the numbered pedestal of the frog.
At night the insects leep in the
mouth of the bronze statue.

Daphénéo/Daphénéo

Tell me, Daphénéo, what is this tree
of which the fruits are birds
that cry?
That tree, Chrysaline, is an "oisetier."
Ah!...
I thought that "Noisetiers" gave nuts,
Daphénéo.--
Yes, Chrysaline, the "Noisetiers" give
nuts
But the "oisetiers" give birds
that cry.--
Ah!...

Le Chapelier/The Hatter

The hatter is astonished to find that
His watch is late by three days,
Even though he had kept it greased
With the very best butter.
But he has let bread crumbs
Fall in the cogs
And even though he has plunged
His watch in the tea.
It will not go any faster.

Lachen und Weinen/Laughters and Tears

Laughter and tears
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,
And why I now weep
In the evening light,
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the evening I was weeping with grief;
And how can you wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart!

Nacht und Träume/Night and Dreams

Holy Night, thou art descending.
Dreams too, are floating downward,
Like thy moonlight through the space,
Through the quiet hearts of men.

They behold it with joy,
And call aloud when they day breaks:
Return again, Holy Night,
Sweet dreams, return again!

Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again,
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted.
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power in his glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom years towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

Vergebliches Ständchen/Vain Serenade

'Good evening, my love, good evening, my child!
I come out of love for you,
ah, open your door to me,
open your door!'

'My door is locked, I'll not let you in,
my mother advises wisely,
were you in here by right,
it were all over with me.'

'So cold is the night, so icy the wind
that my heart will freeze,
my love will die,
open to me, my child.'

'If your love will die, then let it die,
and if it keeps on dying,
go home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my lad!'

An die Nachtigall/To the Nightingale

Pour not so loudly love-inflamed songs'
rich sounds
down from the apple's blossom bough,
O nightingale!

Your sweet throat calls
love awake in me;
for already my innermost soul thrills
to your melting 'Ah'.

Sleep again then flees this couch,
and I gaze,
moist-eyed, haggard, deathly pale
to heaven.

Fly, nightingale, to green dark places,
to the woodland thicket,
and in your nest kiss yur faithful wife,
fly away, away!

Translations

Botschaft/Message

Blow, breeze, gentle and loving
about the cheek of my beloved,
play tenderly in her locks,
be not swift to fly away.

If then she should ask
how things are with poor me,
say: 'Infinite has been in woe,
most critical his state;

but now he can hope
gloriously to revive,
for you, sweet one,
are thinking of him.'

Die Mainacht/May Night

When the silver moon shines through the shrubs,
scattering its slumbering light on the grass,
and the nightingale flutes,
sadly, from bush to bush, I wander.

By foliage concealed, a pair of doves coo
out to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
seek deeper shade,
and a solitary tear flows.

When, O smiling image, that like dawn
irradiates my soul, shall I find you on earth?
And that solitary tear
trembles the hotter down my cheek!

Meine Liebe is grün/My Love is Green

My love is green as the lilac,
and my love is fair as the sun;
the sun gleams down on the lilac
and fills it with scent and joy.

My love has nightingale's wings
and sways in blossoming lilac,
exults and scent-enraptured, sings
many a love-drunk song.

Mandoline/Mandolin

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clintander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.,
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze..
La, la, la, la, la...

Romance/Romance

The fleeting and suffering soul,
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul
Of those divine lilies which I gathered
In the garden of your thoughts,
Whither have the winds driven it,
That adorable soul of the lilies?
Is there no fragrance remaining
Of the heavenly loveliness
Of those days when you enveloped me
In a celestial haze,
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,
Of blessedness and of peace?

Green/Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
And here, also is my heart which beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so
lovely eyes.

I come, still covered with dew,
Which the morning wind has truned to frost on my brow.
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it!
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,
Still filled with music from your last kisses;
Let it be soothed after the good storm,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

C'est l'extase/This is ecstasy

This is languorous ecstasy
This is sensual weariness,
This is all the rustling of forests
In the embrace of the breezes.
This is, through the gray boughs,
The chorus of little voice.
Oh, the faint cool murmur,
It twitters and whispers,
It resembles the gentle cry
Which the reflexed grass exhales.
You might call it, --under the water which eddies--
the muted rolling of pebbles!
This soul which is lamenting
In this subdued plaint,
It is ours, is it not?
Say that it is mine, and yours
Which breathes this humble hymn,
So softly, on this mild evening.

Chevaux de Bois/Wooden Horses

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.
Turn often and do not stop,
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.
The child quite red and the mother white,
The boy in black and the girl in rose,
Each one doing as he pleases,
Each one spending his Sunday penny.
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,
While at all your turning
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.
Keeping turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!
Is it astounding how intoxicates you,
To move thus in this foolish circus,
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;
Turn, hobby horses, without needing
Ever the aid of spurs
To make you gallop on
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,
And hurry, horses of their fancy,
Here, already the supper bell is sounded
By Night, which falls and disperses the crowd
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.
The church tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.